The Green Flame: Origin of the Martian Manhunter

It was a green and foggy morrow on the wide crystal banks that lined the molten edges of the ancient Kryptonian surface — where liquid crystals oozed across the stone, steaming with heat and biting into the great prism fields below.

The **Purple Sun of Krypton** turned overhead, casting a cosmic lightshow across the horizon, shimmering against the jagged peaks of energy-charged spires. On this rare day, the sky wept with eruptions — not of fire or smoke, but of **living crystal**, green and hot, humming with the pulse of planetary memory.

Molten **Kryptonite**, in its most primal form, fumed upward — boiling into the atmosphere. From the depths of the core, the heart of the planet exhaled its power, erupting in a slow storm of matter and memory. As the energies collided with the strange rotational pull of the purple sun, an anomaly formed in the sky: **a floating orb**, suspended in time — **liquid metal encased in a crust of crystalline light**.

This was no accident.

This was **genesis**.

Krypton, long known to few as a planet of unimaginable elemental chaos, birthed strange phenomena — natural yet orchestrated, scientific yet unknowable. In this rare event, a **construct was born**: an orb of intelligence, alive in the silent rhythm of light. From within, time folded inward. Neural threads formed. A **cognitive seed** sparked. Thought spiraled into design. The shell pulsated, evolved — black lenses forming like eyes, strands of silicon mimicking nerve endings.

It was not alive in the way other beings were. It was **something older, and newer, all at once** — born not from parents, but from **purpose**.

The orb’s mind projected visions. It saw solar winds carrying color across emptiness. It heard rain from distant systems. It dreamed in radiation and awoke in silence.

Then, it began to **engrave**.

Using the body of the planet itself, the beings — now many, now a race — **cut deep into Krypton’s surface**. Their glyphs etched history into crystal. They called themselves **Guardians of the Flame**, not Martians, not machines. Their task was not to rule, but to remember, to prepare. Their civilization was shaped by silence and pressure, their culture carved into green crystal veins.

They split into forms — male, female, others — chosen not by birth but by purpose. Their society was fluid, adaptive, mobile. They watched the cosmos from beneath the surface of the planet, **peering through lenses of obsidian**, observing galactic chaos and planning their own rise.

Then, the eruption came.

The largest in generations.

Crystals exploded skyward, and the purple sun briefly darkened under the smoke of memory. The elders gathered, not in fear, but in **reverence**. They saw it as a signal. A time of creation. In the afterglow, they planted a new seed — a second orb, similar to the first, but different in intention.

This one was **green**, heavy with encoded power.

This would be their **gift to the universe** — a being of strength, intelligence, sorrow, and flame. Not a guardian of Krypton, but a **guardian of other worlds**.

They infused it with the memory of stars. Beams of energy danced across the seed as they etched a name into its core:

> **J'onn**
> A worker. A burdened soul. A protector. A watcher from the shadows.

They shaped him not for Krypton, but for **Mars** — a planet of silence, red winds, and ancient war. Mars needed healing. It needed justice. And this being would **walk the lonely path to provide it**.

He was not Martian by blood. He was **Martian by purpose**.

Born of Krypton, wrapped in flame, fed by the dust of stars, and awakened by the silence of Mars' twin moons.

And so J'onn was launched across the void — not in a ship, but as **a living ember**, wrapped in crystal, driven by cosmic winds. He landed in the red sands of Mars long before its fall. He learned their ways. Took on their shape. Mourned their wars. Loved their children.

He became one of them.

And when Mars fell to fire, to plague, to the madness of its own making, J'onn stood alone — **last of his kind**, and yet not truly Martian. Not truly Kryptonian. Something else.

A flame of justice. A ghost of memory.

> **The Martian Manhunter.**

He would roam the stars after that, driven by duty, haunted by loss. Earth would become his second home — its people broken, its heroes fragile, its darkness familiar. There he would hide in human skin, walk among detectives and dreamers, search for purpose beneath city lights.

And when the time came to rise — to reveal himself — he would not do it for glory.

He would do it for the memory of the green morning, the purple sun, and the eternal voice that first called his name.